PS
2044
.H23
P

MARCUS BRUTUS

AND

OTHER VERSES,

—BY—

WALTER HUBBELL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS2044
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf .H23
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

C 13 1886

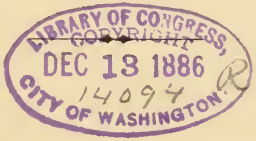
MARCUS BRUTUS

AND

OTHER VERSES,

BY

WALTER HUBBELL.



NEW YORK:
BRENTANO BROS., 5 UNION SQUARE.
CHICAGO. ——— WASHINGTON.
1886.

PS2044
.H23

COPYRIGHT 1886,
BY
WALTER HUBBELL.

PRESS OF
C. D. WYNKOOP,
NEW YORK.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Walter Hubbell, the actor, who wrote the verses contained in this small volume, is the author of a ghost story, entitled "The Haunted House;" also of a very voluminous Biographical and Genealogical work to be found in all the leading Libraries and Historical Societies of the United States.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
MARCUS BRUTUS,	5
IDALIA,	8
SHAKESPEARE, Dedicated to Mr. Edwin Booth,	10
OUR HONORED DEAD, Dedicated to the G. A. R.	13
OUR OLD SOLDIERS, Dedicated to the U. V. A.	16
THE SAME SWEET SMILE, Dedicated to C. K. B.	18
FATE,	19
THE WANDERER,	22
NO LONGER A SLAVE,	24
A DRINKING PASTOR,	27
JOHN McCULLOUGH, In Memoriam,	31
ICONOCLASTIC REASON,	33
A STRANGE VISION,	36
OUR CONSCIENCE,	46
FAREWELL TO MARY ANDERSON,	48

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Rather than bound in chains a captive go
O'er father Tiber and dear native hills,
With sword in hand, upon the crimson field,
Brutus dared end his life's unhappy ills.

When from that classic form, so cold and calm,
Arose the ghost of Rome's most valiant chief,
It bade a sad farewell to freedom's cause
And joined the Gods above in silent grief.

Then came with martial tramp the legion strong,
That vanquished on the plains of Philippi
The host led by those Romans true and brave,
For freedom who ordained that Cæsar die.

The golden sun at last had sunk to rest
Beyond the seven hills of Pagan Rome,
And silver stars shone bright on conquered foes,
While soldiers bore great Brutus' body home.

With pomp of war his corse in regal state
Was borne within the grand old city's walls;
His sword and shield, his helmet and his mace,
Were hung as trophies in young Cæsar's halls.

The armored casket of his God-like soul,
Upon a sacred pyre reposed at last,
And fire's embrace a hero's ashes made,
The noblest, grandest Roman of the past.

For Liberty to strike a tyrant down
Was glory in that old Italian age ;
And then in war to die upon thy sword
Was fame immortal on thy Nation's page.

Yea, Marcus Brutus, as the ages roll
Like mighty billows o'er life's stormy sea,
Thy name in Rome's proud history will shine,
And live an honor to thy cause and thee.

IDALIA.

Idalia, whilst thou lived and loved
To clasp me in thy fond embrace,
I happy was, but knew not then,
That I was blest of all my race.

So blest, indeed, with love divine,
That, could I give thee vital breath,
The grave would not grow violets
Above thy heart, now cold in death.

Thy picture I look on with tears,
My love—thou should'st have been my wife;
Dark hair and eyes, a Grecian face,
I see thee still, as though in life.

God love thee, my dear angel girl.
  At night I hear thy voice in dreams ;
Thy form I see, thy hand I press ;
  Then, kiss thy lips, where beauty beams.

But when I wake and know thou art
  In heaven, far beyond the air,
By relics of the past I kneel,
  And pray that I may join thee there.

The shrine I pray before contains
  Thy opal ring, thy lock of hair,
Thy picture and my broken heart—
  May God in mercy grant the prayer.

SHAKESPEARE.

Written in Boston, Mass., June 13, 1884.

DEDICATED TO MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

Shakespeare ! of sages most profound,
  Thy peerless genius portrayed life,
And each great passion of the soul
  That guides mankind in peace and strife,
So grandly that thy mighty name
  Will ever prompt all learned men
To guard with reverential pride
  The wondrous jewels of thy pen.

Brave hearts have beat for liberty,
  And died for freedom, sword in hand ;
Great minds have ruled in all the arts
  In every age, in every land;
Yet since thy spirit passed from view
  In vain the centuries have rolled,
No author wears thy poet's crown
  Or can thy sacred sceptre hold.

Thy plays and poems will be read
By countless millions yet unborn ;
Thy tragedies still grace the stage
When modern plays are hissed in scorn ;
Prince Hamlet, sad young Romeo,
The Moor of Venice, weird Macbeth,
The tyrant Richard and King Lear,
Will never hear the voice of death.

To thee the Fatherland devotes
Herr Sonnenthal, well known to fame,
As one of three of diff'rent tongues,
Who win new laurels for thy name,
By acting in thy matchless plays,
And showing Nations that the stage
Proclaims to civilized mankind
True sentiments from hist'ry's page.

The land of poetry and song,
Where Roman Roscius played his part,
Has great Salvini in thy cause
To show Othello's jealous heart;
Most earnest students of thy work
Thy spirit Shakespeare now can see,
And that Columbia's famous son
Is greatest of thy honored three.

Aye, thy great student, Edwin Booth,
Has genius, classic face and form,
All gifts from Nature's master-hand,
That add new glory to the storm
Of tears, of pity, love, revenge,
Of hope and fear, despair and death,
Which Hamlet and each hero shows
Whom he endows with tragic breath.

OUR HONORED DEAD.

Written on Decoration Day, 1883.

DEDICATED TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Ye honored dead, whose strong arms battered down
The shield raised by rebellion's tyrant band,
A Nation comes to decorate your graves,
For victories that saved our mighty land.

As we roll back the scroll of time and read
With tears of heroes great in battle slain,
We thank the Nation's God, you served so well,
Your valiant struggles were not made in vain.

For now our flag floats proudly o'er the States,
From coast to coast, from Gulf to British line;
And slaves made free men on your bloody fields,
Still bless the soldiers of their cause divine.

Brave comrades! while you look to earth, and see
A grateful country calling back the past,
May you exclaim in joyous songs of peace,
"The Nation 's free! and Liberty shall last!"

Yes, last, until this continent has sunk
Beneath the ocean-waves that wash its coast,
Or till our land and sky in conflict meet,
So that no more can freedom be our boast.

Martyrs! it was your privilege to fight
Till slavery had been replaced by love,
Or else to pass from earth 'mid battle's glare,
To live forever with our God above.

May all who now enjoy the blessings won
By you, for freedom on the battle-field,
Each year, as time rolls onward to the end,
Remember those who battered down the shield.

NOTE.—Our Honored Dead first appeared in the second volume of *The Bivouac*, a Military Magazine published in Boston, Mass., and it was in that city the author read the verses before a special meeting of veterans of the war for the preservation of the Union, on which occasion they were received with prolonged applause.

OUR OLD SOLDIERS.

Dedicated to the Union Veteran Army, of which the author is an honorary member. This organization is composed of veterans of the war for the preservation of the Union, nearly all of whom are members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Battle-scarred veterans, though crushed to the earth
By power that is known to be evil and bold,
Let courage sustain you, the land of your birth
Will yet do you justice, and pay you in gold.

The great politicians—great only in name,
Who treat you like dogs and withhold your just dues,
Shall soon cringe before you, brave soldiers of fame,
And beg for the places they to you refuse.

Your pensions unpaid—neither gold nor good land,
To keep from your hearts the dread wolf of despair–
If settled in full by monopoly's band,
Would leave thieves in office too little to share.

A good time is coming, so be of good cheer,
The farms that you won in the war shall be yours ;
The People's great party declares without fear
That all thieves in office shall pay off old scores.

Our country has suffered, our widows have groaned,
Our glorious sons have been robbed of their right;
But soldiers in office, will pay what you loaned
The Nation for freedom, in pensions, or fight.

THE SAME SWEET SMILE.

DEDICATED TO C. K B.

I still recall in memory a time
Of summer days, a happy home,
A girl whose soul was ever light and free,
Whose hopes and fears were like my own.

We parted, but in years we met again,
She was a woman true at heart
And I a man grown weary in the years
I wandered, while we were apart.

I held her hand once more in mine and felt
We still were friends—how fast time flies ;
I looked upon her face again and saw,
The same sweet smile and dark brown eyes.

FATE.

An outcast dying on a bed of straw
Was groaning while he drew his fleeting breath,
For with fast fading eyes he dimly saw
A dark gaunt demon-ghost of fate and death.

Yes, now at last a demon-ghost of fate,
Whose fearful aspect paralyzed his heart,
With scorn malignant gazed upon the state,
This outcast had been brought to by its art.

"Victim," it said, "you are forever mine,
From hell I came on purpose at your birth,
I've haunted you through life and led to crime,
And now at last will drag your soul from earth."

"The joys and comforts of your life I gave,
But to mislead and damn your soul at last,
No prayers from heaven or earth will ever save
Our millions chained in hell for ages past."

"I laugh because your agony makes joy
Among my fellow demon-ghosts in hell,
Who wait our coming; die weak human toy,
That you may suffer more than I will tell."

A priest would say if he had prayed through life,
His guardian devil back to hell had gone,
And he been free from all his crime and strife,
And those dread fears that cause bad men to mourn.

Perhaps—but that was not in fate's decree,
His star ordained he should be demon-led ;
'Twas thus the outcast on the earth was free,
His soul in hell, his body on the bed.

As if his body too was doomed in death
'Twas cut and hacked in a dissecting room ;
Physicians who had watched his fleeting breath,
Thus added horror to this scene of gloom.

NOTE.—Fate was suggested by the sad end of an outcast who died in a pauper's hospital. He was apparently tormented by an INVISIBLE FIEND in his last moments, and after death his body was dissected by physicians in the interest of science. That many persons who lead depraved lives are DEMONIZED is certainly a most charitable theory.

THE WANDERER.

Return, dear maiden, to thy lover's arms
While yet our lives are blest with youth and love;
Without thee all seems worthless, cold and dark,
In thy embrace this world the realm above.

For when thy heart is beating 'gainst my own,
Thy darling head upon my shoulder pressed,
Thy blue eyes looking fondly into mine,
Ah, then indeed, my life seems fully blest.

Within the halo shed by thy dear smile
All coldness melts, all darkness turns to light,
All fearful doubts and dreams, then whispered low,
Are in thy radiant presence clear and bright.

Why wander like an outcast o'er the earth,
Not caring where nor if on land or sea,
Alone and silent, weary at thy heart,
When one who waits lives only now for thee?

I miss thee and my soul is filled with woe,
Forget my cruel wrongs, forgive the past,
Return, dear maiden, to thy lover's arms,
To rest in his embrace while life shall last.

And after time on earth has been well spent
In days and nights and years of faith and love,
We will have harmonized each others lives,
And life eternal shall be bliss above.

NO LONGER A SLAVE.

I

Only an actress, blest with grace,
Beautiful form and charming face,
Beautiful hair of golden hue,
Beautiful eyes of heaven's blue;
Yes, only a woman tender and true.

II

Only an actress, loved as life,
True to her friends, an honored wife,
True to her husband, and her fame,
True to her God, and sex the same;
Yet, only a woman, bless her dear name.

III

Only an actress, growing old,
Aiding her son to save his gold,
Aiding her daughter to rise in life,
Aiding her friends to keep from strife;
Still, only a woman, a gambler's wife.

IV

Only an actress, lame and blind,
Dead her children whose words were kind,
Dead her husband whose life was brief,
Dead her friends who soothed all grief;
Though only a woman, God send relief.

V

Only an actress, left unknown,
No one cares if she has a home,
No one heeds when she suffers pain,
No one gives when nothing 's to gain ;
But, only a woman, God can sustain.

VI

Only an actress, cold and dead,
Who suffered all ; aye, wanted bread,
Whose life was wrecked, whose heart was brave,
Who found at last, rest in her grave ;
Yes, only a woman no longer a slave.

A DRINKING PASTOR.

An ancient village built among the hills,
Where moss-grown rocks and stately oak trees stand,
Was once the scene of murder, sad and strange
As ever known in this or any land.

The honored pastor of the village church,
Judged guilty and well-guarded, bound in chains
Was led to legal death for murder done,
His only hope, Christ's blood to wash his stains.

The story of his crime and fate is brief;
He preached a doctrine that his flock believed,
But drank, and lost his reason in the night,
And well deserved the death that he received.

The parsonage and church stand side by side,
And next the graveyard of the village dead,
Whose tombs and monuments of marble tell
Of those beneath—not of the lives they led.

The church bell rang, the sun cast purple rays
Of fleeting light that melted into gloom.
The birds that lived within the church tower slept
Save one, a gray owl, perched upon a tomb.

When evening service in the church was o'er;
November's blasts drove home the young and old.
Among them this dear pastor and his flock
Sought shelter, for the night was dark and cold.

Long had the church clock struck the midnight hour,
The wind blew hard against the parsonage door,
Within, dim light shed by a student's lamp
Revealed three forms—one, drunk upon the floor.

Upon the bed there lay a dying child,
Whose wasted form scarce held the breath of life,
Her little arms were crossed upon her breast,
Beside her knelt in prayer the pastor's wife.

Still drunk, the pastor crawled toward the bed;
Then rose and dashed his wife beneath his feet,
For as she knelt beside their little child—
But hold! her cries had reached the village street.

Too late! Great God! the drunkard held aloft
The strangled body of their only child;
A neighbor passing heard the mother's screams,
But broke the door too late—the man was wild.

Yes, wild indeed, a murderer insane,
For reason was dethroned—the cause was drink;
This honored man, who preached God's Holy Word.
Now, like an idiot, could not even think.

Though years have passed; beside a little grave
A lonely widow with a broken heart,
Is often known to kneel in prayer and ask
To join her child, where loved ones never part.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

IN MEMORIAM.

From the *New York Mirror* of November 21st, 1885. Written after attending the very impressive obsequies of the tragedian in Philadelphia.

Farewell McCullough, Nature's noble son !
Thou sincere friend and honest man, farewell.
None knew thee but to honor thy great worth,
None mourn thee more than those who tolled thy knell.

No more shall thy Virginius teach our race,
A Roman father could live out of Rome ;
No more thy Lucius Junius wring our hearts,
Nor Cade, the bondman, see his boyhood's home.

No more thy hoary Lear, in madness wrapped,
Call curses on his thankless daughter's head ;
No more thy Spartacus, brave Thracian youth,
Fight Gauls and then choose Romans for his dead.

No more thy Metamora, feel those wrongs
Our pale-faced fathers forced him to endure.
Alas ! no more thy Richelieu, mark the ground
Within whose circle stood his ward secure.

Dead art thou to our stage—not so thy fame,
Which lives to shine for many hundred years.
Thy past, kind genial friend, is ever ours,
And at thy tomb we offer up our tears.

ICONOCLASTIC REASON.

History of human error,
Written by mankind on earth,
Well may we with shame and terror,
Read the records of thy birth.

Forms have changed in by-gone ages,
Man has grown in intellect,
Science, led by reason, wages
Still its war on every sect.

World and life were not created,
Force and dust were always here,
Myths, that are in books narrated,
Sprang from ignorance and fear.

Prayers to the unknown are useless,
Evolution takes their place,
Billions prayed and found it fruitless,
Death still kills the human race.

Hell is pure imagination,
Paradise but vain belief,
Deeds, not creeds, mean reformation,
Hunger's pangs still make a thief.

Weep, mankind, for human error,
Legends have led us astray,
Creeds and dogmas, kings of terror,
Slaughtered millions in their day.

Nature, now our great instructor,
Living laws and living forms,
God of Nature our conductor,
Leads us through all human storms.

Nature's earth our only heaven,
None is needed in the skies,
Weak men by old priestcraft driven,
May have faith in Paradise.

Yes, at last true light is shining,
Shed by Reason's Sun of Hope,
We are blest, no more repining
For the blessings of the the Pope.

A STRANGE VISION.

DESCRIBED BY A PHYSICIAN.

Whenever I read of strange visions and dreams,
Or hear patients tell of their own,
I wonder in silence for really it seems
A case like mine never was known.

I was called up one night to see an old friend
Who was dying a horrible death,
And thinking he would not have strength near the end
To speak to me with his last breath,

I took his thin, feverish, weak hand in mine
And prayed to the God of the blest,
Commencing "O, Father, let his soul be thine"
I prayed for his infinite rest.

While praying devoutly I heard a soft voice
That seemed to come out of the air,
Its tones were familiar and made me rejoice
When it said "Your friend's soul is not there."

I looked on his face, it was free from all pain,
I cannot describe how I felt,
As I prayed the same voice called to me again,
And a vision I saw while I knelt.

I wondered and gazed on the vision so weird,
And asked myself what it could mean;
Can this be that death that is always so feared,
Can this, indeed, be the unseen?

Can this be the heaven I often am told
  Is so near and yet seemingly far,
When a child I was taught that its shores were of gold,
  That its place was beyond the last star.

But how like the earth this all seems to my eyes,
  With these rivers and mountains and trees,
These beautiful birds, a bright sun in the skies,
  And these flowers and health-giving breeze.

How near seem the men whose glad faces I know,
  As they stand by the side of my friend,
I knew them on earth in the far long ago,
  And remember each died in the end.

And there stands a woman, but who can she be?
Yet I know her face better than all,
'Tis the love of our youth that I now really see,
And she seems to be just within call,

Shall I call? I am praying—perhaps I am mad—
Or perhaps this is only a dream,
My friend may be angry though she will be glad,
Perhaps things are not what they seem.

A thousand such fancies all rushed through my brain
As I knelt by the side of the bed,
For men are uncertain about what seems plain,
Yes, on all things concerning the dead.

My friend was my rival, long, long years ago,
For the hand of this girl we both lost;
And now stood beside her, imagine my woe,
And guess the heart-struggle it cost.

She told him "she loved him and ever would wait
Till he came to that heavenly land,
Where love is not cold and t'is never too late
For lovers to stand hand in hand."

"Where age is unknown, for youth, hope and love
All exist and there never can die,
For people from earth have the passions above,
As when under earth's beautiful sky."

She told him that "time in her land was unknown,
In her home no existence of space,
That all there was joy that the seeds were unsown,
And no need for earth's orthodox grace."

She said simply "listen" and pleasantly smiled,
And I then some sweet music heard,
She looked in his face like an innocent child,
Then showed him a paradise bird.

A bird whose rich plumage reflected the light,
That resplendent with rainbow-like rays,
Shone over that land that was fair to the sight,
And was blest by its shadowless days.

Then she called and there instantly came to her side
A band of young maidens in white,
And she pointed out one a newly-made bride,
Who had come from the earth that same night.

She said "all were friends in her heavenly home,
But that she had no mate for her heart,
For he was on earth where true love is known,
But known by her only to part."

She was waiting, she said, "till the drama of life
In which he played a part, should be o'er,
When with kisses and love they could banish all strife
That makes discord on earth's dreary shore."

Just then my friend started as if in great pain—
I gazed where he pointed his hand,
And heard solemn music and saw a vast train
Of patriarchs march in that land.

Now my friend stood alone upon a bright cloud,
Our love and her friends disappeared,
I watched all in wonder, the music was loud,
As I waited and wondered and feared,

While host after host passed by in full view,
In garments of crimson and gold,
In garments of green and in garments of blue,
And of hues that can never be told.

I beheld in that land a wide open gate,
And through its wide portals they passed,
While all seemed perfection, no envy or hate,
Nor the slightest discord to the last.

And as the gate closed on this wonderful band,
While my friend stood alone on the cloud,
I felt the death grip of his feverish hand,
And heard joyful singing so loud;

That spell-bound I knelt as I gazed on a sight,
Whose like I may never see more,
Our dead friends were there and in heaven's own light,
Received him on heaven's own shore.

He died without pain and upon that same night,
But spoke before passing away,
And told of a vision all pure and bright,
He had seen on a wonderful day.

The "wonderful day" was his last night of breath;
Though for years he has been in his grave,
I shall never forget to the day of my death,
He was honest and loyal and brave.

Was the vision I saw while holding his hand,
But the dream of his dying mind,
Transferred to my brain; or a view of some land,
Where there 's life after death for mankind.

OUR CONSCIENCE.

Led by fond imagination,
We may rhapsodize in verse,
Asking is life worth the living?
Calling it at best a curse.

Giving to the world opinions
That would wreck the true and brave,
If our ideas were but followed
From the cradle to the grave.

Asking are we slaves of habit,
Ruled by passions to the last?
Do our circumstances make us
Judge the future by the past?

Never judge the distant future
By the past, however bright,
Let the past be mem'ry only,
Brightest day or darkest night.

In the present we are living,
Why then dream our lives away?
Ever hoping, ever praying
God would send a brighter day.

When mankind will follow reason,
Conscience guides them to the last,
Then our lives are worth the living,
Glorious Present, Future—Past.

FAREWELL TO MARY ANDERSON.

Written in 1883, while Miss Anderson was on a voyage to England to play her first engagement in London.

Fair daughter of America,
Our drama's histrionic bride,
Thy stately form and beauteous face
Will ever be our stage's pride.

Farewell, most gifted, brightest star
The tragic muse did ever claim,
God speed thee, noble-minded girl,
O'er stormy waves to Britain's main.

But after thou hast moved and won
The Britons by thy genius grand,
Return to hearts and hands at home,
And laurels in thy native land.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 762 285 7